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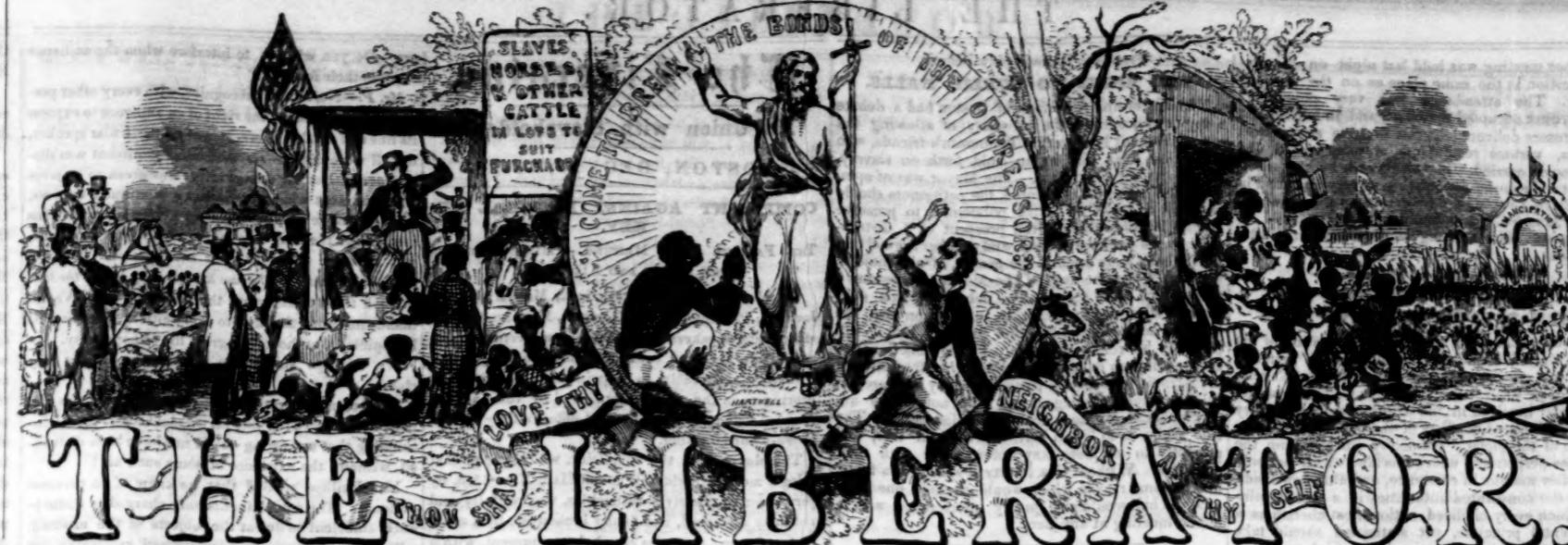
W.M. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

## NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION 'A COVENANT WITH DEATH AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.'

'Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves. The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the extinction, fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandise, under the name of persons... To call government thus constituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress, and thereby to make the PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.'—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS



VOL. XX. NO. 51.

BOSTON, MASS., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1850.

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## The Liberator.

REMARKS ON MR. CURTIS'S SPEECH.

BY WILLIAM L. BOWDITCH.

It is undeniable, that this community has been shaken to its very foundation by the agitation of the slavery question. Mr. Curtis begins by tracing the characteristics of those classes who have been mainly instrumental in bringing about this result. With these characteristics, we shall have little to do. It may be that we have 'not very sound practical judgments.' It may be that 'we have excitement or notoriety, or influence and power, or are smarting under disappointment.' But, if there are any such, we hope they will break an important part of it. And therefore they reject the whole, and hold it to be the duty of this Commonwealth to withdraw itself instantly from this whole compact, and thus revolutionize the government. This is the ground of action and the end of one class—the ground of action being that there is a fundamental error in the constitution of the government, and the end, that the government must be destroyed.

Whatever else may be said of this, it cannot be denied that it is open, definite, tangible, capable of being seen and understood in its true proportions. They do not profess one thing, and mean another. They do not move blindly towards the gulf of civil discord and national destruction. They do not lead their followers towards it with boastful assurances that the ground is safe and clear. They see reason for it, and they honestly say so, and give their character as malignant philanthropy.' We may claim to have 'deep and inexcusable love of human liberty which beats in every throb of every heart the true sons of New England.'

To show the extent to which opinions have been carried, Mr. Curtis quotes the resolution which was adopted at the recent meeting in Faneuil Hall, in relation to fugitive slaves, which resolution declared that, 'Constitution or no Constitution, law or no law, we will not allow a fugitive to be taken from Massachusetts.' He alludes to 'public exhortations to violent resistance to laws, and assurances of aid and succor in maintaining such resistance;' to the promulgation of the idea that fugitive slaves have a right to defend their liberty, even at the price of blood; 'and as if,' he says, 'there should be nothing wanting to exhibit the madness which has possessed men's minds, murder and perjury have been erected into virtues, and in this city profaned from the sacred desk.' He then quotes three extracts from Theodore Parker's Sermon of Conscience. It is true, and we confess our gratification at the fact, that there are so many thousands who not only despise all penalties rather than aid the slave-hunter on the soil of the old Bay State, but who are willing by their works to show their belief in the divine rule, that they are to do unto others as we would have others do unto us.

It is true that fugitive slaves have been told that they have a natural right to protect themselves and their little ones from the clutch of the slave-dealer, pecuniarily if they can, forcibly if they must! And it is undeniably true that, according to our Bill of Rights, they have this natural right. No one, unless he is a believer in the principle of non-resistance, would act differently in his own case! Who can doubt, for an instant, that Mr. Curtis and his friends would violently resist the execution of such a law, if directed against themselves? No one! Most unquestionably, he would defend his own freedom, and that of his wife and children, to the very last extremity. He would do it peacefully, if he could, but, at all events, he would defend himself, and counsel all others in like circumstances to defend themselves. How can, then, blame Mr. Parker for upholding for the slaves the same right of self-defence?

He blames Mr. Parker for preaching perjury as a virtue, because he expressed the opinion that human nature would justify a jury in disregarding his oath, when he is thereby enabled to save from destruction one who has been guilty of no higher offence in point of morals than secreting the outcast from his pursuer. We agree with the general tenor of Mr. Curtis's arguments on this point. We confess that we are not satisfied with Mr. Parker's reasoning. We would not serve as *juror* in any such case, and we cannot see any other honest way of meeting the difficulty. At the same time, the majority of men are so constituted that they will not regret those verdicts which have been so often rendered, both here and in England, certainly contrary to the evidence, where the object has been to save from an ignominious death some poor creature, who, in his desperate extremity, has committed some theft or other trivial crime. A good result is attained by bad means; and the end is thought to justify the means. But the whole object of Mr. Curtis's speech is to convince us that, for the sake of supporting the Union, we are fully justified in surrendering fugitive slaves. Now, if, for the sake of the Union, he is willing to act contrary to the deepest instincts of a New England heart, how can he, with the slightest appearance of consistency, denounce Theodore Parker for apparently sanctioning a similar rule of action? We say *apparently*, for we cannot entirely convince ourselves that Mr. Parker himself considers it right for any man to take under the Constitution, in order step by step to remove all the constitutional supports of slavery. Still Mr. Curtis apparently thinks that the real difficulty with the two latter classes is the same, and that the constitutional provision in relation to the return of fugitive slaves does not receive any real support from those of either class.

Such being the case, he thinks it high time that this supposed moral difficulty about supporting the Constitution should be examined, and accordingly he proceeds to discuss the question. The first thing which strikes us about his argument is the entire omission even casually to allude to any of the pro-slavery clauses, except that relating to fugitive slaves. He makes not the least mention of the article which provides for slave representation, although the effect of this article has been, in the opinion of John Quincy Adams, 'to make the preservation, propagation and perpetuation of slavery the vital and animating spirit of the national government.' He makes not the least mention of the clause intended to prevent the abolition of the African slave trade prior to 1808,—that wicked provision of wrong which was admitted into the Constitution by Northern delegates, in order to prevent the insertion of a clause which would have been injurious to their shipping interest! He makes no mention of that clause which was inserted for the purpose of compelling us to suppress slave insurrections by the national arm! The question Mr. Curtis proposed to discuss was the moral right to support the Constitution! Why, then, did he wholly omit all reference to these clauses? Even if he has been successful in removing the difficulty about supporting the fugitive slave clause, he has only performed a small part of the work necessary to be done, before he can come to his conclusion that we have a right to support the Constitution. This is the first fatal omission in his argument.

If a case exists which demands a breach of a fundamental law of the government, and justifies clause, and it is time we knew and acted on it.

If there is not such a case, then this language, which accompanies it, disgraces our community, and endangers its safety and peace, and should receive the rebuke of every good citizen. There is no middle ground between these two alternatives!

In other words, either those whose opinions he has just been considering are right, and then it is a case

of armed resistance by individuals, it is a case for rev-

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## THE ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR IN FANEUIL HALL,

Was opened yesterday to the public, and will close on Saturday evening, next week. In the beautiful decoration of the Hall, and in the abundance, variety, richness and splendor of the articles for sale, it may now sustain the high reputation of its predecessors. Now is not a gratuity that is asked, but a bona fide purchase—your money for a fair equivalent. Extend every farthing that you can—induce others to attend—keep the refreshments table well supplied—and resolve to make a heart-curing result!

At the Book Table, the LIBERTY BELL will again be found. Here is a list of its contents:—

Liberity Bell. By Martha Hemphill.

Let your Light Shine. By William H. Furness.

Love and Liberty. By Katherine Barland.

Pictures of Southern Life. By C. W. Hooley Dall.

The Word. By Samuel Longfellow.

Anomalia of the Age. By Harriet Martineau.

The Two Eagles. By John Morley.

Inidelity and Treason. By William L. Bowditch.

The Root of Slavery. By Samuel J. May.

Translations. By Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Spirit of the Abolitionists. By Maria W. Chapman.

The Lesser of Liberty. By Ephraim Wood Jr.

Mrs. Elias Garrison. By Wendell Phillips.

The Last Poet. By Theodore Parker.

The Second Reformation. By Thomas T. Stone.

Le Fils d'un Planteur. By Madame Belloc.

The Planteur's Son. By Madame Belloc.

A Sancot for the Times. By Theodore Parker.

Our Southern Brethren. By Charles K. Whipple.

Translations. By Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Servile Insurrections. By Edmund Jackson.

The Changes. By James Richardson, Jr.

Reticule Gourdon. By Edmund Quincy.

Légitimité de l'esclavage. By M. Emile Souvestre.

La Slavery Legitimate. By M. Souvestre.

Settled. By Edgar Buckingham.

The Sultan's Fair Daughter. By Theodore Parker.

The Prestige of Slavery. By Samuel Johnson.

Statue. By Caroline Weston.

Indeuse de l'esclavage. By Madame Souvestre.

Indeuse of Slavery on Masters. By Madame Souvestre.

To a Young Convert. By T. Wentworth Higginson.

The Higher Law. By John W. Browne.

The Gospel of Freedom. By Samuel May, Jr.

A Glance over the Field. By George Armstrong.

National Hymn. By David Lee Child.

The Great Apostle. By William Lloyd Garrison.

Yasouf. By James Russell Lowell.

**SPIRIT OF THE PILGRIMS, AWAKE!**

We call the special attention of all who revere the memories of the Pilgrim Fathers to the celebration of the anniversary of their landing on Plymouth Rock, which is to be held in the Green Church at Plymouth, on Saturday and Sunday next, by the Old Colony Anti-Slavery Society, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., and Saturday. It will be seen that tickets for the excursion can be procured at the regular depots at half price—the trains leaving Boston on Saturday, at 8 A. M., and 4 P. M. With such eloquent orators for the occasion as GEORGE THOMPSON, WENDELL PHILLIPS and FREDERICK DOUGLASS, in addition to the claims of the day and the struggling cause of religious freedom in this country, it is needless to urge the largest attendance. Let it be made a memorable occasion in the celebration of Pilgrims' Day.

## THE ACCURSED LAW OF CONGRESS.

Two very different modes of dealing with the Fugitive Slave Bill have been referred to by the articles on our last page—the first two from English journals, written in a grave and earnest spirit—the remainder from our own newspapers, satirizing the Bill in a genuine Yankee vein, and thus helping to bring it into contempt. The scathing article from the London Daily Dispatch, signed 'PUBLICOLA,' is from the pen of the distinguished Unitarian minister of London, WILLIAM J. FOX, now a member of Parliament, and one of the ablest men and most thorough reformers in that body. We hope to see it copied into many of our American journals, pervaded as it is with thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.'

Poetry and Prose, by Mrs. Charlotte A. Jerauld. With a Memoir, by Henry Bacon. Boston: A. Tompkins, 38 Cornhill—1850. pp. 440, 12mo.

We have examined this volume with a pleasure and satisfaction for which we were not prepared. As a compiler and annotator, Mr. Bacon has acquitted himself in the best manner,—evincing excellent judgment in the selection of his materials, a just appreciation of uncommon intellectual and moral worth, and a pure and affectionate spirit. The subject of this interesting Memoir was born in Old Cambridge, April 18, 1829, of worthy but humble parentage, and at an early age, began to evince those qualities of mind for which she was afterwards distinguished. In the common schools of Boston she received all the educational advantages which were ever afforded her, but these turned to the best purposes. At the age of fifteen, her employment was folding and gathering, and like laborers, in a book-bindery: her mind thought, while her hands were busy.' Her original name was Charlotte A. Fillebrown; but in November, 1843, she was married to Mr. J. W. Jerard. For her, the wedded state was destined to continue less than two years, as in August, 1845, she was translated to another sphere, her infant child preceding her only the day previous. Her poetical effusions, as presented in this volume, are decidedly those of mediocrity: all of them are creditable to her genius, and several of them are beautiful, tender and thrilling. Her prose articles, and the various extracts from her letters, exhibit uncommon ease and gracefulness of composition. Her portrait, which accompanies the work, is marked by a large intellect and moral development, and peculiarly interesting features. In regard to her early departure, her own poetical language on the text, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven,' is full of solace:—

'Weep not for the young and the lovely, whose doom, In the morning of life, lay then low in the tomb; For the angel of death hath a mission of love, To unlock the bright gates of the Eden above!'

Woe not! though the bud in beauty is crushed, Through the fire in the midst of taanthmighashed; But with fire full of faith, looking upward to God, Unshaking, unshaking, 'passunder the rod!'

Memor not that a spirit too pure for this world, For the clime of the blessed its union unfurled! Rejoice that the fetters which bind her are iron, For those knowest 'of such is the kingdom of heaven!'

The father, mother, or friend, who may be seeking for a useful, interesting and remarkable volume, intend to give it for Christmas or New Year's present, will do well to purchase this Memoir.

Accidents and Emergencies: a guide containing directions for treatment in bleeding, cuts, stabs, bruises, sprains, ruptures, broken bones, dislocations, railway and steamboat accidents, burns and scalds, explosions, bites of mad dogs, inflammations, cholera, diarrhea, injures eyes, choking, poison, fits, sun stroke, lightning, drowning, &c. &c. By Alfred Smees, F. R. S., with alterations, Corrections, and Appendix, by Dr. R. F. Trall. Illustrated with Engravings. New York: Published by Fowlers & Wells, Clinton Hall, 131 Nassau street.

The title of this little work is sufficient to show the usefulness of the work itself, which, with upwards of thirty engravings, and printed very neatly, is to be had for the trifling sum of 12-12-s. It ought to be carefully preserved for reference in every family, or sale by Beia Marsh, at 25 Cornhill.

## HENRY WARD BEECHER AND WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

NEW IPSWICH, DEC. 13TH, 1850.

FRIEND GARRISON:

Pardon us for trespassing upon the columns of the Liberator, at a period when they are filled to repulsion with matter of such infinite moment to the cause of our common humanity and purified Christianity, and more especially in the vindication of speech in the person of George Thompson, whose benevolence and magnanimity transcend the power of language to portray, but which are daguerreotypes in ineffable beauty and moral grandeur on the heart of down-trodden humanity, and the heralds of the 'good time coming,' when 'will shall ripen into deed.' Our apology for writing is that we read all things, and 'see to hold fast that which is good'; and among them is the Liberator, whose luminous columns fire our brain with such holy inspiration against oppression.

'That we must speak or die, Though only echo should reply.'

So we will proceed to unfold the subject of the present epistle. The Independent Democrat of December 5th has copied a long article from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher, entitled, 'Cause and Cure of Agitation'; in which the constitutional birth and protractedness of slavery are most graphically and powerfully delineated. Next the Genius of Liberty, the antagonist of Slavery, is conjured to our fancy, in all the beauty and attraction of a mighty conqueror, receiving her crown of glory and palm of victory from the Hero of Calvary, gone to the spirit-land to prepare mansions for those who love Him and keep his commandments. Thus far, all is well; but in another paragraph, the writer labors distinctly and earnestly to dissuade men from lauding or even acknowledging Wm. L. Garrison as the embodiment or exponent of anti-slavery reform. Now, we never knew that Garrison or any of his friends ever assumed to be anything more than humble instruments in the hands of God to speak liberty to the captive, and demand the release of the oppressor that he let the oppressed go free. Not ashamed, at any and all times, to acknowledge their dependence on the Source of all good, to be sure, they have discarded some of the formulas of religion, and slavery is one of them; but to its spirit do we all look for ultimate success.

Again, in the estimation of Mr. Beecher, 'Garrison is a man of no mean ability; of indefatigable industry; of the most unbounded enterprise and eagerness, of perseverance that pushes him on a law of nature; of courage that amounts to recklessness.' \* \* \* Had he possessed, as a balance to these, conciliation, good-nature, benevolence, or even a certain popular mirthfulness; had he possessed the moderation and urbanity of Clarkson, or the deep piety of Wilberforce, he had been the *one man of our age*. These all he lacked! Had the disease of America needed only counter irritation, no better blaster could have been applied! After presenting the above unique analysis of character, the writer remarks that 'Garrison did not create the anti-slavery spirit of the North. He was simply the offspring of it.' Now, the main question is, whether Garrison, being destitute of the spirit of anti-slavery,—whether, in a word, he was the natural offspring of it. If so, it follows, conclusively, that he was created by the spirit of 'counter irritation'; and circumstances being different in America from what they are in England, the 'irritating plater,' Garrison, was applied to reveal the disease; for never were the civil, social, secular and religious stratifications of any country on earth so completely corrupted with the hell-born elements of slavery, as the United States. Disguise it as we may, organized Christianity had become so PATRIOTIC as to bow obsequiously to the mandates of human legislation, without any apparent compunctions of conscience. Would it not be philosophical to reason that the deity chose such crude instruments to thunder in the ears of the nation the unutterable woes of slavery, and that when Christianity should be aroused from its torpor, and discover that it had retained the form of godlessness without its power, and in order to preserve its organic structure, it must call back its power; and cannot that be done without disparaging or detracting from any of the old pioneers, who broke ground with the insinuating demon of slavery?

We presume all reformers will agree with Mr. Beecher, that the Bible, properly interpreted, is the most radical book on earth, especially if we consider the spirit of the Gospel defined by its Golden Key: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.' And this we understand to be the law, and the prophets also. Here, then, is a platform broad enough to contain the world of reformers; and as all reforms, from their very nature, require that their votaries doff old local and sectarian regalia and peculiar idiosyncrasies, so Orthodox and Heterodox, Jew and Gentile, must lay aside all differences, and, under the name of humanity, fraternity, or any other device Freedom's hosts may choose to rally around, march boldly forward to victory. Enlightened Humanity is but another name for purified Christianity. Let us have no controversy about names at the expense of principles. Henry Ward Beecher we study, and Garrison we study, as model men, each possessing distinct electric powers; but as for displaying either, or attaching all the glory of the anti-slavery enterprise to them individually, we do not. Nor are we sure that the latter gentleman is not quite as happily balanced as the former in the way of the work in question. There are many readers who would like to help you, if they only knew how to do it. We must endeavor to find out some means of giving you assistance, and of hastening the downfall of that revolting and inhuman system so fearfully dishonors and curses your country.

I wish I could spend a few years in laboring with you in the cause of abolition. I must contrive to assist you in your labors in some way. There are many of my readers who would like to help you, if they only knew how to do it. We must endeavor to find out some means of giving you assistance, and of hastening the downfall of that revolting and inhuman system so fearfully dishonors and curses your country.

With kindest regards to all your fellow-labors, and with most earnest prayers for your success and triumph in the cause of human freedom,

I am, yours, very affectionately,

JOSEPH BARKER.

W. L. GARRISON, ESQ.

## LETTER FROM JOSEPH BARKER.

WORTLEY, (near Leeds,) Oct. 24, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am glad to learn from the Liberator, that you are well, and able to labor in the cause of freedom. I hope you will live to see the great object of your wishes, and the greatest of your labors accomplished. I feel exceedingly desirous to see the spirit of righteousness triumph over the spirit of oppression and wrong. Nothing on earth would rejoice me more than the abolition of American slavery. It is, so far as I can learn, the most hideous form of iniquity, the most revolting piece of inhumanity with which the earth is at present dishonored and cursed. It is, besides, one of the strongest props of European tyranny, and one of the greatest obstacles to the spread and triumph of European liberty. No men on earth are engaged in a more important enterprise than you and your fellow-laborers. Most devoutly do I pray for your success, and most keenly will I rejoice in your ardent and god-like labors.

I have often resolved to write to you; but as I never found time to write you a long letter, I have never kept my resolution. But I can put off writing no longer. I must express my joy in your labors, and my wishes for your success.

I have felt most keenly since the passage of the new law for the capture of fugitive slaves. Common as it is for governments to sin, and extravagant and courageous as their transgressions frequently are, I recollect no enormity of any government that has so grievously harassed my feelings, as this most infamous and inhuman enactment. Is it possible that the people of the Northern States will allow it to be put in force? Is it possible that they will allow it to remain on the statute book? Can they be so indifferent to their reputation,—can they be so regardless of the interests of their fellow-men, as to allow the Southern kidnappers to come amongst them, to take away their neighbors, and perhaps themselves, at pleasure, and carry them away to be sold in the Southern markets? If the law be not speedily abolished, America will become a proverb for inconsistency and inhumanity throughout the whole of the civilized world. If the law is not speedily abolished, there is hardly a man in Europe that will not look on America with disgust and loathing. No one in England, perhaps, has spoken more favorably of the Free States of America than myself; but if they allow this law for the capture of fugitives to be executed, I shall have to retract every word I have spoken, and mournfully acknowledge that America is the basest and most inhuman of all the nations upon earth. I have lately been in Ireland, and I saw such forms of misery as, I have never known, more acutely. The indignation I felt against the tyrants who had created such fearful scenes of misery was greater than I can describe. I feel as if I could have found in my heart, if I had had the power, to tear them in pieces, and destroy them from the face of the earth. But on reading in the Standard the account of the capture and carrying away of poor James Hamlet, I felt, if possible, more keenly still. I felt that there were human beings in a worse condition than even the plundered and starving Irish. I saw no Irishman that was not at liberty to run away from his wretched country, and seek a living and a home elsewhere. I saw no Irish landlords with whips and bowie-knives, with pistols and rifles, with bloodhounds and kidnappers, hunting the runaway paupers, to bring them back to their wretchedness and rags. I could not help but feel, while reading the papers which I have last received from your country, that notwithstanding the excellency of its laws and institutions in many respects, and the comparative happiness of the middle and laboring classes in the Free States, the country is disgraced and afflicted with a curse more terrible than the most miserable and down-trodden country I have seen in monarchical Europe groans under.

The passing of the Fugitive Slave Bill has produced a most discouraging effect on the minds of my wife and children, as well as on my own. We were looking forward to America as our future home. We had made up our minds to leave England for one of the Free States in March or April next, with the intention of settling there. The news which we have received by the last post has obliged us, most reluctantly, to suspend our plans, and to return to our country. We shall probably come to you, and in order to preserve its organic structure, it must call back its power; and cannot that be done without disparaging or detracting from any of the old pioneers, who broke ground with the insinuating demon of slavery?

We presume all reformers will agree with Mr. Beecher, that the Bible, properly interpreted, is the most radical book on earth, especially if we consider the spirit of the Gospel defined by its Golden Key: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.' And this we understand to be the law, and the prophets also. Here, then, is a platform broad enough to contain the world of reformers; and as all reforms, from their very nature, require that their votaries doff old local and sectarian regalia and peculiar idiosyncrasies, so Orthodox and Heterodox, Jew and Gentile, must lay aside all differences, and, under the name of humanity, fraternity, or any other device Freedom's hosts may choose to rally around, march boldly forward to victory. Enlightened Humanity is but another name for purified Christianity. Let us have no controversy about names at the expense of principles. Henry Ward Beecher we study, and Garrison we study, as model men, each possessing distinct electric powers; but as for displaying either, or attaching all the glory of the anti-slavery enterprise to them individually, we do not. Nor are we sure that the latter gentleman is not quite as happily balanced as the former in the way of the work in question. There are many readers who would like to help you, if they only knew how to do it. We must endeavor to find out some means of giving you assistance, and of hastening the downfall of that revolting and inhuman system so fearfully dishonors and curses your country.

I wish I could spend a few years in laboring with you in the cause of abolition. I must contrive to assist you in your labors in some way. There are many of my readers who would like to help you, if they only knew how to do it. We must endeavor to find out some means of giving you assistance, and of hastening the downfall of that revolting and inhuman system so fearfully dishonors and curses your country.

With the utmost respect, I am,

Yours truly,

J. B. SYME.

Resolution passed at a Meeting of the Edinburgh Steel Brotherhood, held Nov. 27th, 1850.

That, as members of a society pledged to endeavor to procure, by all moral means, the abolition of all institutions and customs which interfere with the rights of our brethren, of whatever clime, color or condition of humanity; and having had our attention turned to the Fugitive Slave Law recently enacted in the United States of America, feel called upon to express our abhorrence of the various provisions of this iniquitous act, so deeply wounding to the feelings of humanity and disgraceful to a people professing the high standard of civil and religious liberty claimed by the American Government.

With the utmost respect, I am,

Yours truly,

J. B. SYME.

C. L. WESTON.

The proceedings of the late annual meeting of the Rhode Island A. S. Society, recently held in Providence, were promptly transmitted to us in manuscript by the Secretary, but such has been the crowded state of our columns, we have been unable to find room for them.

C. L. WESTON.

The title of this little work is sufficient to show the usefulness of the work itself, which, with upwards of thirty engravings, and printed very neatly, is



From the National Era.  
STANZAS FOR THE TIMES—1850.

BY JOHN WHITTIER.

The evil days have come: the poor  
Are made a prey;

Bar up the hospitable door,  
Put out the fire-lights, point no more

The wanderer's way.

For pity now is crime: the chain  
Which binds our States

Is melted at the heart in twain,  
Is rusted by her tears' soft rain:

Closes up her gates.

Our Union, like a glacier stirred  
By voice below,

Or bell of knee, or wing of bird,  
A beggar's crust, or kindly word,

May overthrow.

Poor whispering tremblers!—yet we boast  
Our blood and name:

Bursting its century-boiled frost,  
Each gray cairn of the Northman's coast

Cries out for shame!

Oh, for the open firmament,  
The prairie free,

The desert hill-side, cavern-rent,  
The Pawnee's lodge, the Arab's tent,

The Bushman's tree?

Than web of Persian loom most rare,  
Or soft divan,

Better the rough rock, bleak and bare,  
Or hollow tree, which man may share

With suffering man.

I hear a voice: 'Thus saith the Law,  
Let Love be dumb:

Clasping her liberal hands, in awe,  
Let sweet-lipped Charity withdraw

From heart and home.'

I hear another voice: 'The poor  
Are choice remains;

Yet not untrue to man's decree,  
Though spurning its rewards, is he

Who bears its pains.

Not mine Seditio's trumpet blast  
And threatening word;

I read the lesson of the Past,  
That firm endurance wins at last

More than the sword.

Oh, clear-eyed Faith, and Patience, thou  
So calm and strong,

Angels of God! be near to show  
His glorious future shining through

Our night of wrong!

From the London Punch.

### THE GENUINE PRIZE SONG FOR JENNY LIND.

[At the service of Mr. Barnum.]

I am glad I have come from my own northern home,  
Far away o'er the wide-rolling sea;  
For I feel that I stand on the glorious land  
Where alone dwells a people that's free!

Never here for gold human beings are sold,  
Who the tint of our brotherhood wear;

If that taken they lack—if the creatures are black,  
Oh, why then that's another affair!

La, la, la!

Yes—of course that's another affair.

Every man of each sect holds his head up, erect  
As the eagle that faces the sun;

Ah! you do not see here class o'er class domineer,  
Here oppressed or oppressors are none.

In this nation sublime, wretches branded with crime  
Rue alone in base thrall their sin;

And the guilt of all dyes in American eyes  
The deepest is darkness of skin!

La, la, la!

Yes—the worst guilt is darkness of skin!

Here a fond wedded pair independently share  
All the joys of the conjugal life;

There is no law to part heart united to heart,  
Wife from husband, and husband from wife.

Such barbarity fell, the offspring to sell

From the parent, is wholly unknown;

But their lips if too full, and their hair curly wool,  
Should have no child nor wife of their own!

La, la, la!

No, they have no child nor wife of their own!

At the tyrant's proud hand there's no scourge to command

On this side the Atlantic's broad wave,

No American can by his own fellow man

Be disgraced by the stripes of the slave.

Man is snared from blows—by the right of his nose,

If it be not too broad and too flat;

Then you're licensed to thrash—then fall on with the lash—

He's only a nigger, and born to the cat!

La, la, la!

Yes, a nigger, and born to the cat!

### THE FREEDOM OF MAN.

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand  
Had heav'd the floods, and fix'd the trembling land,  
When life sprung starting at thy plastic call,  
Endless were their forms, and man the lord of all!  
Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee  
To wear eternal chains, and bow the knee?  
Was man ordained the slave of man to toil,  
Yok'd with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil;  
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold?  
No! Nature stamp'd us in a heav'nly mould!  
She made no wretch his thankless labor urge,  
Nor trembling take the pittance and the scourge!  
No homeless Libyan on the stormy deep,  
To call upon thy country's name, and weep?  
Lo! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,  
The quiver'd chief of Congo l'd to reign;  
With fire proportion'd to his native sky,  
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;  
Scour'd with wild feet his sun-illumin'd zone,  
The spear, the lion, and the woods his own,  
Or led by combat, bold without a plan,  
An artless savage, but a fearlessness!

CAMPBELL.

### SLAVERY.

Oh, most degrading of all ills that wait  
On man, a mourner in his best estate;  
All other sorrows Virtue may endure,  
And find submission more than half a cure;  
But Slavery! Virtue dreads it as her grave;  
Patience itself is meanness in a slave;  
Or, if the will and sovereignty of God  
Did suffer for a while, and kiss the rod,  
Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,  
And snap the chain the moment that you may;  
Nature imprints on whatsoe'er we see,  
That has a heart and life in it—Be Free!

HOPE.

Hope! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,  
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,  
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see  
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be.

## Selections.

From the Scottish Press.  
THE FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL.

The noble horse  
Safe to triumphant victory, old or wounded,  
Was set at liberty; nay, faithful dogs have found  
Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,  
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave.

MASSENGER.

America has invoked the curse which inevitably follows every outrage upon the laws of God and human nature, and it seems about to fall. She has woven a sharp thorn into the crown of her liberties, and it has pierced her brain. There was hope with many, that the baneful effects of slavery, not only as a means of demolishing mankind, but as a hindrance to the commercial progress of the States in which it was prevalent, were becoming apparent to the generation among whom the truths which noble-minded men had proclaimed and suffered for had been scattered. The contrast of the free Northern States progressing in influence and prosperity, with the slaveholding Southern ones, which the blood of the slaves has blotted, had forced itself on many minds, and there was a growing hope that, ere long, which will be to widen still more the breach existing between the Northern and Southern States, and either to effect some measure calculated to mitigate the horrors of slavery, or to hasten on its overthrow altogether.

Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,  
And shake the pillars of the Commonwealth?

The real power to obtain a modification of the Fugitive Slave Law, or to erase it from the statute book, lies only with the citizens of the United States. Violence may be used by the colored people to resist it, but they have no power to alter it. We do not doubt that, before the next session of the Congress opens, the state of public feeling on the subject will be such as to widen still more the breach existing between the Northern and Southern States, and either to effect some measure calculated to mitigate the horrors of slavery, or to hasten on its overthrow altogether.

From the London Weekly Dispatch.

## THE LIBERATOR.

its abrogation or modification during the next session of Congress. Political considerations, which have no immediate connection with slaves, may accomplish this; and any violent proceeding on the part of those whose liberties are particularly concerned would certainly destroy the effect of such an opposition. Let the friends of the slave here continue the agitation which they seem to have started, especially begun, and by the voice of a strong unanimous opinion, encourage the friends of abolition in America, while protecting the name of humanity against the workings of the new law.

American statesmen will be blind indeed if they do not see in the excitement which the passing of the Fugitive Slave Bill has produced, an element of great danger to the peace and prosperity of their country. They may persist in allowing the brand to remain upon her brow until it maddens her into a fury which will not be able to quell,—and again there is no power in Great Britain, or on the continent, that withholds reprobation. The authors and agents of European vilenies, in the name of religion and order, shun their shoulders at it; and amid the tempest of hatred which beats on them wherever Press or voice is free, they themselves think that there are still some blacker souls in the world, and human devils more damned. The recreants of liberty in Europe, the cowards who fled before the struggle, or the Judases who destroyed their cause, point to a Republican Senate, succumbing under a faction of slaves, and bless God they are not so false and pusillanimous as those Americans. Democracy hides its face at the story, or changes its blouses for the glow of burning indignation. Monarchy is proud, and walks stately as in the robes of a king, which will be to all those who need nothing like this, in the days when they were most reviled, and they step on with heads erect. The waves of the Atlantic groan at you, Americans! Its winds blow at you! The world's opinion? You sink yourselves below opinion. Nobody is asked what is his opinion of the foulness which you propose to protect by legislation. They are not matters of opinion. We may as well be asked our opinion of sordid rape and brutal cruelty. Opinion is for subjects on which doubt is possible, and for which representation is not a moral necessity of human nature.

A runaway slave is a man trying to catch his manhood. He seeks to be what God has made him. His claim is to property in his own hands and sinequa. He is a clever old writer, was more'n half a doctor, an a first rate nuss. He'd sellers turn out at any time a night, in any weather, if any body was sick and needed his services—everybody liked him, spoke kindly of him, lived just over the town line. He was a clever old writer, was more'n half a doctor, an a first rate nuss. He'd sellers turn out at any time a night, in any weather, if any body was sick and needed his services—everybody liked him, spoke kindly of him, lived just over the town line. He was a clever old writer, was more'n half a doctor, an a first rate nuss. He'd sellers turn out at any time a night, in any weather, if any body was sick and needed his services—everybody liked him, spoke kindly of him, lived just over the town line. He was a clever old writer, was more'n half a doctor, an a first rate nuss. 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